

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Dividends on Kindness, Pfd. The Golden Rule may bring gold. Material, actual gold, I mean. Always it gives the kind: The pure gold of the spirit. That's a sense of duty well done. Once I knew it paid real dividends. To a little hard-working actress: Too poor to pay a dress agent. So I'm sure the story is true. She was on the train to New York. Weeks on the road had wearied her. One-night stands are awful. A new job waited here. She had two weeks' vacation first. A fussy, shabby old man sat opposite. He enjoyed poor health very much. The whole car was told about it. His list of ailments he detailed. The actress listened politely. She had been well brought up. Mother taught respect for the aged. Particularly the shabby aged. It's a trait almost obsolete now. The old man was taken sick. Really violently ill, too. No hypochondria this time. Little Ruth went with him. She'd stay till relatives came. He said bitterly he had none.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Oulja, the Matchmaker By RUSSELL CLAYTON

ANNE BAILEY'S gray eyes followed the tall, muscular figure as it glided, carefully, dextrous in and out among the skaters. It only he would pass her where she sat on the boathouse float and let her see if he recalled her after that one dance together at the Race Brook Club? But then, she reminded herself, with a dig of the heel of her skate into the ice, probably that one dance had not meant to him, the fortune-favored son of the Crown Prince, what it had to her, insignificant person that she was, only an assistant in the library with which Charles Peabody, his father, had endowed the town. Anne suddenly upright. The figure had swung in her direction. How very lucky that Peter, her escort, had broken a strap and was taking so long to get another! But wait—was Peter Peabody going to pass her? Then she smiled radiantly as his casual glance quickened to recognition and he circled to her side. "How fortunate, Miss Bailey, to find you alone," he said with a smile straight into her eyes. "Shall we skate?" Anne cast a troubled glance toward the boathouse. "I'm here with Peter MacLean," she hesitated. "Oh—well, just once around! Any man who hasn't sense enough to guard a treasure deserves to lose it. He protested, slipping a hand beneath her arm. "Let's go!"

"Only for a minute or two, then," she gave in, and they were off. But a good many minutes passed before Anne thought of Peter again, absorbed as she was in the exhilarating motion and the charm of the new partner with his you-alone-are-worthwhile manner. Even after she did remember Peter, it was some time before they reached the boathouse, threading their way through the mass of skaters. They found Peter standing near the float, smoking his old briar and Anne, who had been privately considerably worried as to how he would take her desertion, experienced a sudden relief at the placidity of his expression. After all, it was only Peter, the dependable. "Not at all," he responded to a light apology from Peabody. "I came out just in time to see Anne's red tan disappearing with somebody and recollect she'd be back presently." Peabody took himself off and, after a desultory round or two in the rushing duck, Peter and Anne unstrapped their skates. The walk home was rather quiet. Peter was thoughtful, wondering why it had never occurred to him before that Anne, whom he had known since she was a romping pig-tailed little thing, was not his exclusive property. Could he have read the thoughts of the silent girl at his side, he would hardly have been cheered. For Anne's fancy was winning a romantic ether where she and a tall, muscular young fellow with oh, such eyes and what a smile, were progressing from acquaintanceship to friendship, from friendship to— But right here Anne

sensibly brought herself back to earth. Every Peabody was in that demand among the girls. It would be a rare stroke of luck which attached him exclusively to her. Only—and this from quiet Anne showed the depth of her infatuation—if the occasion arose when fickle luck could be helped out a bit, she resolved not to be found wanting. As the days passed it began to loom very much as if Anne's dreams were coming true. At the numerous small social affairs of the town Perry always sought her out for a dance or two, or a bit of conversation. And Peter, seeing the light in Anne's eyes when she slipped into Perry's arm for a fox-trot or one of the waltzes, wandered moodily and cursed himself inwardly for not being ten times richer and better-looking than his rival. The climax arrived—although neither Anne nor Peter who, as usual, was her escort, were in the night of the Country Club Midsummer Fair. Anne, a bit out of sorts because Perry had been generally with soft crumpled drapery across the front to break the stiff regime of the old time princess. The front piece fastened at the side and a bias cut insured the ripple at the hem. But the interesting part about this garment was not its construction but its adaptability. For the coat buttoning up snugly about the neck and extending almost to the hem of the skirt may be worn either with or without blouse.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES By JEAN NEWTON

"Just a Woman" fidelity of the chakrawa," and compounding all these together. He made woman, and gave her to man. This legend may explain the mystery with which men are always investing us and which they always hope to find in us; it may explain, too, why there is so much to being "just a woman" successfully. It may tell why a man expects you to be the clinging vine, yet the bold snower; imperious, haughty—yet sweet, dependent; distracting, elusive—yet always there; the refreshing flapper—yet the perfume exuding virgin; wise at twenty—yet kittenish at forty; a child full of wonder at his wisdom—yet wiser than he. It may tell why he expects you to have the transparency of a babe—yet the guile of a siren; to be a violet "neath a mossy stone. Hat hidden from the eye"—yet the exotic, alluring orchid! They expect us to be a man, woman, child and something of a goddess; pal, sweetheart, mother, wife and babe—and yet some more. Verily, as the little sister said "What can I be?"—not much—"just a woman!"

THE WANAMAKER JEWELRY STORE

presents today the most beautiful and valuable collection of Diamond Jewelry

that it has ever assembled. The collection is practically complete at this time, so that those who desire to select Christmas gifts may do so with the full assurance of the widest possible choice.

With a few necessary exceptions, all the mountings are of platinum, beautiful in design and representing the latest dictates of fashion.

There are a number of private rooms for the convenience of those making selections.

Considering the high character of this jewelry, prices will be found very moderate—from \$180 for a bar pin up to \$3200 for a magnificent La Valliere, or \$7400 for an Oriental pearl necklace with diamond clasp.

JOHN WANAMAKER Jewelers' and Silversmiths' Hall

"P-E—" At the letters, a swift blush flooded the girl's countenance. "Oh, no, my dear! Is that the way the land lies? And couldn't Alice laugh sympathetically. "Well, suddenly she paused. Wasn't this her opportunity to give her luck a gentle boost? No, do something else. If he comes in here—and asks questions—couldn't you—" "If this really is her cousin, cryptically, "that between us, Oulja and me, we could!" An hour later, Anne sat huddled in one corner of an old settle in the shadow of the hedge, where she had gone hoping that Perry would search her out. All forgotten were her words to Alice. Forgotten everything, except the conversation overheard beyond the hedge between the newest comer in town—and Perry. "Of course, I've liked other girls, but really, Gabrielle, you are the first—and so on, in Perry's unmistakable voice with the you-alone-are-worth-while accent. sitting up, Anne dabbed desperately at her eyes. At that instant she felt two strong arms around her. "You darling!" whispered somebody. "The Oulja board gave me a hint and here I am!" Peter grasped Anne. "Peter!" Suddenly the explanation of Alice's mistake flashed into her mind. Peter's name and Peter's began with P—E and Alice quite naturally had supposed Peter to be the new comer. And now, well, Peter was her oldest friend and how sheltering were his arms! Contentedly, she related in his grasp. "Peter," she said solemnly, "isn't the Oulja board wonderful?"

FASHION BRIEFS

Next Complete Novelle "Kon's Picture Gallery" If you were to buy your suit in Paris this year you would get one of three or four things in vogue. The first would be formed by the palette form of which Jenny is so fond and which she has sent to her friends in various collections. This palette is quite short, loose hanging, and hangs straight or is drawn in at the hip line. To the woman of medium or sturdy build, the palette is becoming than becoming than these suits with the jaunty short coats. One of the greatest suit poets of Paris is Bullock, who sends us this year never-fading new themes. One of these is the extremely long coat fitted to the figure and terminating in skirt sections cut in flaring gables in such a way as to produce the effect of a tunic over the tight underskirt itself. This model has been echoed in New York in various forms, including a suit with a waist-line jacket to which the tunic of the skirt extends to the courtesy of lower section. Whether, in fact, the tunic be attached to skirt or coat, the silhouette desired is just the same. But more spectacular than this is the princess suit with which Bullock has experimented in some of his most elaborate suit creations. The coat of this is made generally with soft crumpled drapery across the front to break the stiff regime of the old time princess. The front piece fastened at the side and a bias cut insured the ripple at the hem. But the interesting part about this garment was not its construction but its adaptability. For the coat buttoning up snugly about the neck and extending almost to the hem of the skirt may be worn either with or without blouse.

ASCO STORE CO. AMERICAN Choice Dark Red Cranberries, lb 13c. Our Stores will be closed all day Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 25; open the night before until 9 o'clock to better serve our customers. Hundreds of Carloads—Trainload Upon Trainload of Groceries Were Sold Over Our Counters Last Week! All Records Broken in Our Eight and a Half Million Dollars' Sale! (\$8,500,000.00) When you realize that our four mammoth warehouses have a combined capacity of more than four thousand (4000) carloads of merchandise, it will give you a clearer grasp of the scope of this gigantic sale. When we announced last week our tremendous sale of eight and a half million dollars' worth of high-grade groceries, we were confident the public would be quick to take full advantage of the drastic reductions made in the prices of our merchandise. From the moment our Stores opened last Monday morning until the closing hour Saturday night, they have been beehives of activity. Our huge fleet of more than two hundred and fifty (250) big motor trucks and wagons have been working at top speed between our warehouses and our Stores, to keep up with the enormous demand. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO PRODUCERS! We are receiving communications from North, South, East and West; from growers, packers, canners, manufacturers, etc., who are willing to join us in our effort to bring down living costs. One concern TELEPHONED us all the way from San Francisco! To all Producers, we extend a cordial invitation to join us in this movement. If you have high grade merchandise in our line and you are willing to let the public have it at reduced prices, get in touch with us. Are you willing to bear your share of the burden with us in this movement to cut living costs? Best Granulated SUGAR lb 10c. Thanksgiving Day Necessities! Fancy Walnuts... lb 28c. Rich Creamy Cheese... lb 33c. Fancy Calif. Almonds... lb 35c. Fancy Citron Peel... 1/2-lb 30c. Large Filberts... lb 17c. Assorted Fruit Jams... jar 19c. Fancy Mixed Nuts... lb 25c. Princess Salad Dressing, bot 29c. Plum Pudding... can 34c, 39c. American Maid Catsup... 10c-15c. Fresh Packed Currants, pkg 25c. Fancy Calif. Apricots... can 25c. "Asco" Baking Powder, can 5-9c. Fancy Calif. Peaches, can 40-45c. Pat-a-Cake Flour... pkg 23c. Sliced Pineapple... can 19c-29c. Zay-Tek Cake Icing... pkg 20c. "Asco" Sifted Peas... can 20c-23c. Wilbur's Baking Chocolate... 10c. Choice Peas... can 14c. Hershey's Cocoa... can 9c, 18c. "Asco" Peanut Butter, glass 12c. Baker's Shredded Coconut, 7-14c. Orange & Lemon Peel... lb 25c. Baker's Coconut... can 15c. Choice Apples... 3 lbs 15c. Pure Olive Oil... 1/2-pt can 40c. Cooking Herbs... pkg 5c. Pure Apple Butter... big can 20c. Sweet Marjoram... pkg 8c. Fancy Calif. Sliced Peaches... can 25c. Our 28-Calif. Prunes Cut 25c Reg. 1 to 23c. Other Sizes Cut to 17c & 23c. Very fancy fruit—quality the same—priced according to size. "Asco" Mince Meat lb 27c. The Best to be had. None better made. Packed for us by the old reliable firm of Altmore & Son. Fancy Globe Onions lb 2 1/2c. Baked as a dollar. Nice medium size. Don't forget a few for your Turkey Filling. Big Juicy Grape Fruit each 9c 3 for 25c. An appetite insurer. Good to start the day with—quality very choice.

Victor Bread (The Same Big Unmatchable Loaf) cut 8c. You'll need an extra supply of this delicious bread for Thanksgiving Day! You'll need some for stuffing for your turkey or chicken. Be sure to buy a plentiful supply for over the holiday, for Victor Bread stays fresh. VICTOR RAISIN BREAD loaf 12c

Pure as Gold! "Louella" Butter lb 75c. As golden in color as the purest sugar ever mined—as pure as the air after a summer shower—as delicious in flavor as only good butter can be. "Louella" has set a standard of quality to which for others to reach. "TASTE IT!" Richland Butter lb 65c. A pure creamery print, second only to the wonderful "Louella." "Asco" Ginger Ale bot 10c. "Asco" Apple Juice bot 12 1/2c. \$1.45 doz. (Empties returnable 1c each). The pure juice of selected apples, nothing added. Pasteurized to insure its further purity and keeping qualities. A beverage that should be in every home. Don't Spoil Your Thanksgiving Dinner! There is nothing that can ruin your guests' dinner so easily as a cup of "indifferent" coffee. Don't take chances with your dinner. Serve the delicious "Asco" Blend—it's a fitting finish to the repast. Your guests will judge you by the coffee you serve. "Asco" Coffee lb 29c. "Taste the difference?" "Asco" Blend Teas lb 45c. Five delicious blends to please any taste—Plain Black, Mixed, Old Country Style, India Ceylon and our newest winner, Orange Pekoe.

These Prices in All Our 176 Sanitary Meat Markets A Bold Statement, but True! Do not be misled. When we say to you that the quality meats we handle are the highest grade obtainable, we mean precisely what we say. There may be some markets handling the same grade of meat we do, but you will have to pay a premium for it. Why not take advantage of our special offerings and convince yourself that the statement herewith is a statement of facts? The quality of our meats we guarantee to be always as represented and the prices the very lowest consistent with our standard. Another point to be kept in mind is that when you deal at an "Asco" Meat Market, you get sixteen ounces to every pound. FINEST QUALITY Rump or Round Steak lb 32c. Thick End Rib Roast lb 28c. Pure Sausage lb 40c. City Dressed Pork Shoulders. Spring Lamb Shoulders. Fancy Skin-back Hams. Best Hamburg Steak lb 25c. Country Scrapple lb 15c. Rump or Round Roast 32c lb. Loin Mutton Chops. Large Stalks Crisp Celery each 7c. Little Pig Roasting Hams lb 29c. Tasty Fresh Sausage. Small Lean Regular Hams. Choice Lebanon Bologna. Large Heads Cabbage lb 1c. CITY DRESSED Pork Chops or Roasts lb 35c. Fresh Killed, Milk Fed, Chickens lb 43c. Roasting, Frying, Stewing. Stores conveniently located all over Philadelphia and in the principal cities and towns of Penna., New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.